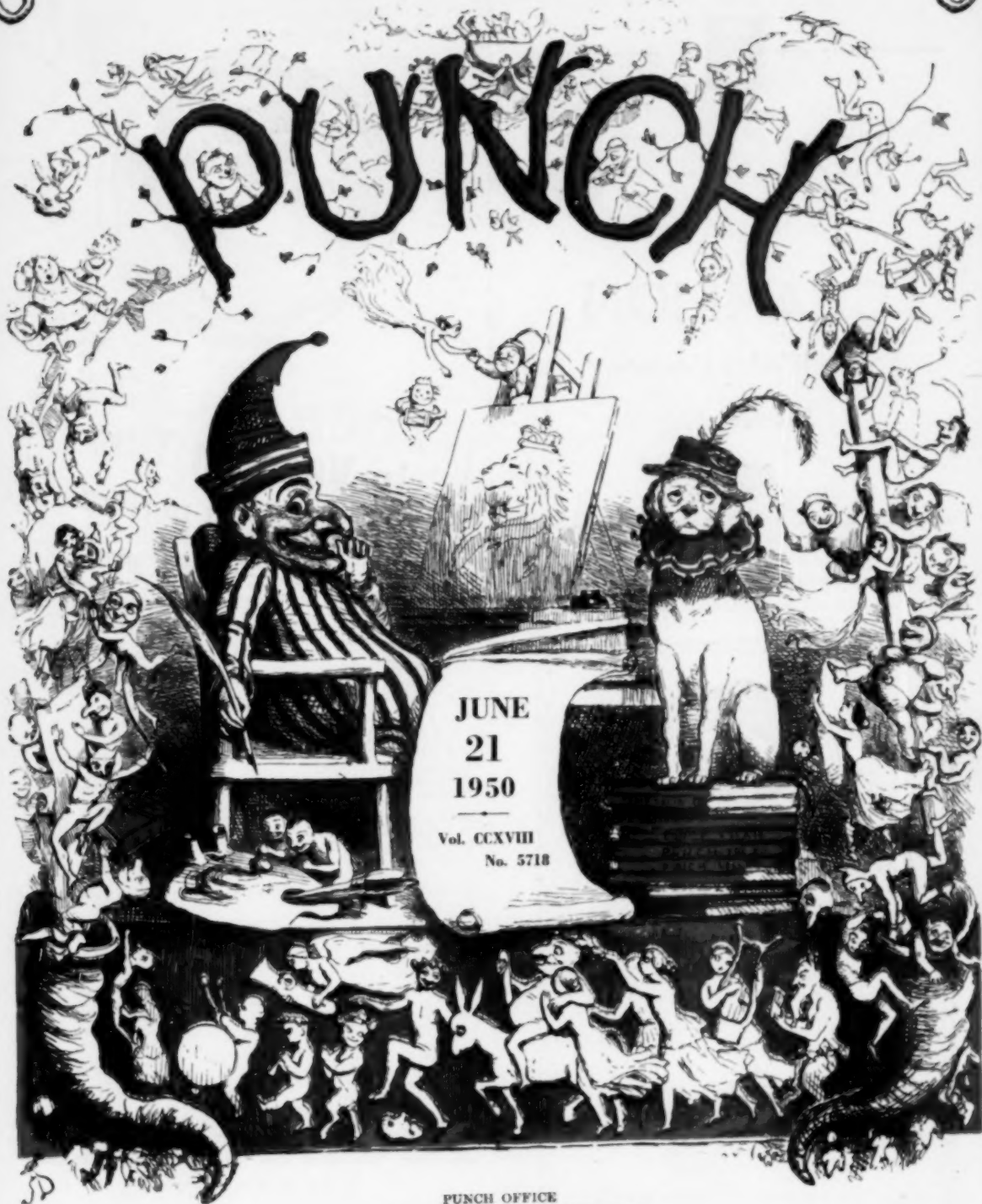


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high velocity

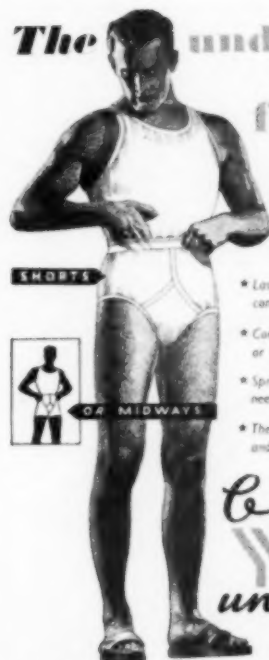
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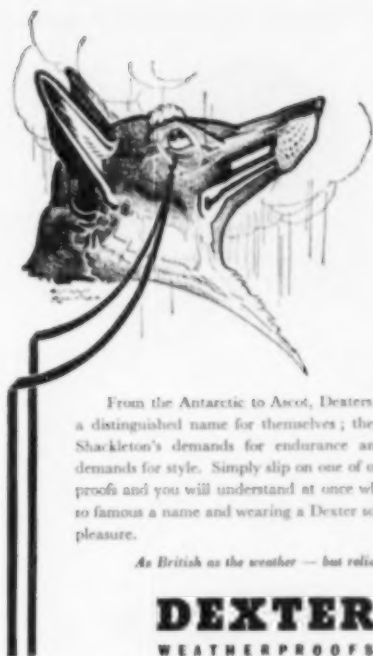
- Laster-garn waist, with the Patent Y-front construction, giving mild support.
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- Spring-knit in fine cotton, no buttons or tapes, needs no ironing.
- The unique hip tape measurement ensures correct and comfortable fit.

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IT'S NATURAL... LIGHTER... UNSELFCONSCIOUS!



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EXTRA LIGHT CLEANSING CREAM—*sinks deeply into pores, cleanses completely*—
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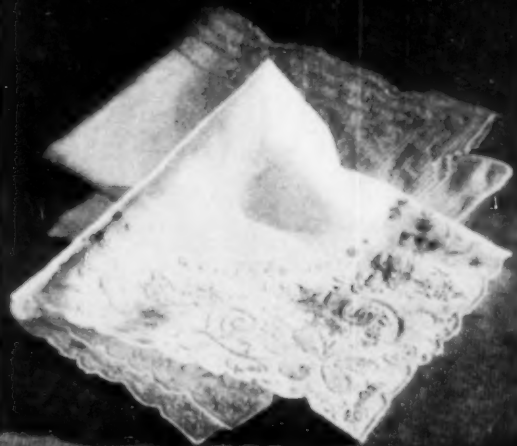
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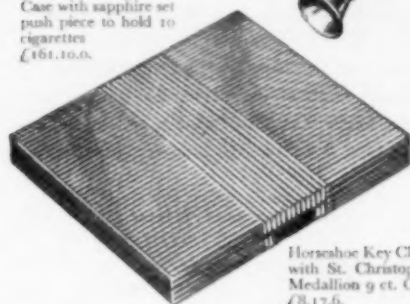


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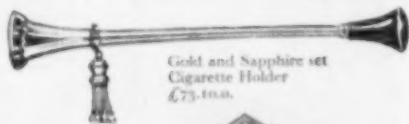
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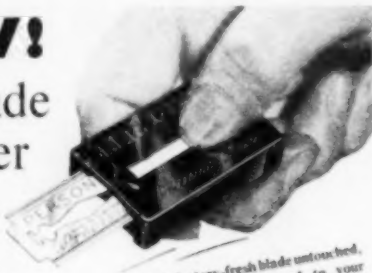


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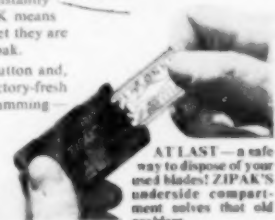
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ZIPAK
speeds up your
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A gleaming Personna Precision Blade instantly on your razor! Personna's new ZIPAK means added shaving speed and comfort — yet they are still 2.6 for 10 blades, including the Zipak.

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Precision Blades

in new **ZIPAK** dispenser, 10 blades for 2.6; also in pkts. of 5 for 1.3

PAL PERSONNA BLADES LIMITED, LONDON AND GLASGOW

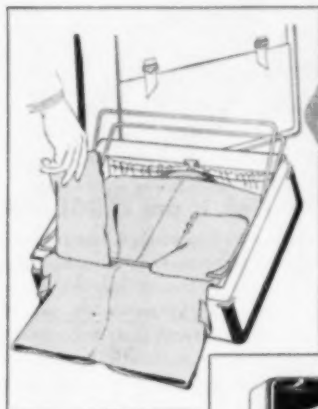
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Suits, dresses travel on hangers

Automatic folding!

No creasing!

No pressing out!



MAN'S REV-ROBE

3 suits on hangers. 2 pairs of shoes, shirts, socks, etc., go in the roomy tray-lid. Waterproof lined pocket for toilet articles.

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Two types: one taking 6 to 8 dresses on hangers—shoes, undies, etc., in the roomy tray-lid; the other is an 'all-hanging' model, taking 12 or more dresses on hangers.



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The Rev-Robe ends all that. Just hang your suits or dresses, straight from the wardrobe, in the Rev-Robe. Your clothes fold and fit into place (you can't go wrong) and the tray-lid holds the rest. No crushing or creasing. No tissue paper, no pressing out. Packing is automatic, done in a few minutes. Yet the Rev-Robe is no bigger than a suitcase.

AT YOUR STORE OR LUGGAGE SHOP

REV-ROBE



REVELATION WARDROBE SUITCASE

REVELATION SUITCASE CO. LTD., 170 PICCADILLY, LONDON. Agents for Revelation Trampolin Ltd.



For
weekends
and
weeks
off

This 'surf' shirt is cool and comfortable. Honeycomb weave cotton, fully shrunk, with ribbed neck and quarter length ribbed end sleeves. In white, white and navy, green, nigger, red, light blue, rust and grey.

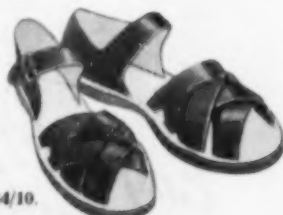
Sizes: 36-44. Price 22/6.

The linen beach shorts are in a figured pattern or plain colours of rust, navy, lemon, royal blue, natural and white.

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These sandals are nearly all foot—that's what makes them so comfortable.

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- Fills itself
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DOOR SETTING THE UNBREAKABLE
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about the **COLDRATOR**
the refrigerator with the stainless steel freezer;
precision temperature control;
the salad compartment where your vegetables
are kept crisp and clean



and clinch matters...

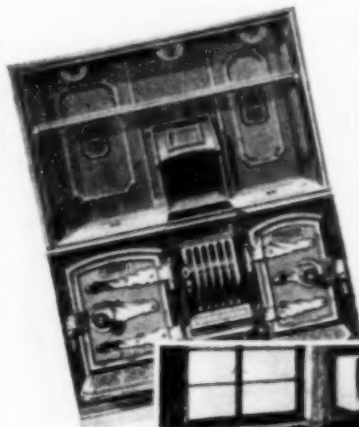
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It's sealed in steel against dirt,
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This is the Coldrator C.D.S.
(£91, 7, 0 tax paid). There are
table-top models at lower prices.
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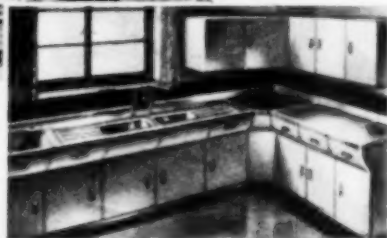
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COMPLETE BATHROOMS PLANNED KITCHENS FINE FIREPLACES

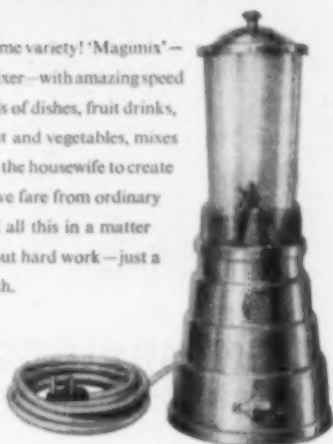
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MAKES THE MEAL
TRUST Maconochies FOR FLAVOUR



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MAGIMIX
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Switch to mealtime variety! 'Magimix'—the wonderful mixer—with amazing speed prepares all kinds of dishes, fruit drinks, etc. It chops fruit and vegetables, mixes sauces and helps the housewife to create new and attractive fare from ordinary ingredients. And all this in a matter of seconds without hard work—just a turn of the switch.



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In operation it is almost completely automatic; the extra large oven and all boiling plates maintaining any desired heat. The oven is illuminated when the door is open, and cooking can be watched through the inner glass door without any fear of being spoilt. Your usual electrical shop or showroom will gladly give you details.



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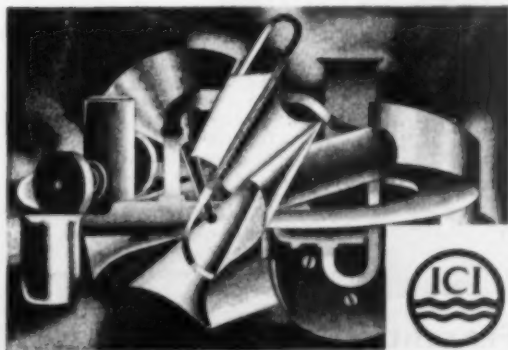
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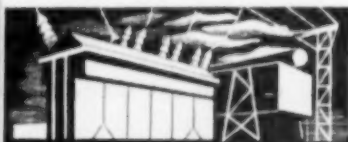


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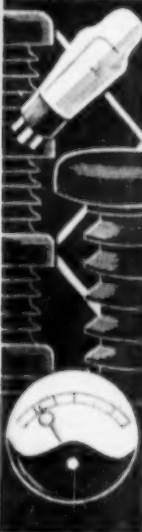
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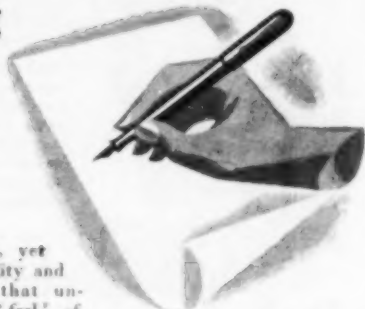


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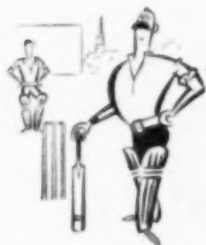
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OR
THE LONDON CHARIVARI



CHARIVARIA

THE Magic Circle Occult Committee is offering £1,000 to the first person who "levitates a human being by other than normal means." Being shot from a cannon at a circus is regarded as normal for this purpose.



"... we should ask the County Council to erect a protective railing opposite the gate of the Presentation Convent where the children come out after school. ... it would keep them from rushing on to the main road where motor traffic is very heavy. There should also be such a railing at the jail steps."—*Irish paper*
Just in case of a sudden amnesty.



A box of dangerous drugs was lost from a cycle in Reading. So the excessive cost of motor-ing is beginning to have its repercussions already.

A farmer reports that pic-nickers are showing more con-sideration for his cattle by closing gates. Others insist that they are merely afraid that more cattle will get in.

The Church Militant
"DEDICATION OF
THE FIVE WINDOWS
partially destroyed in December,
1940, BY
THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON
OF MAIDSTONE"
Service paper

"The parish council is at a loss to know where the 'contamination' can have come from because nothing has been changed since the baths were opened 40 years ago."
"Evening News"

They might try changing the water.

After his thirty-first unsuc-cessful attempt to escape, a man in a Kentucky prison was said by a psychologist to have a compulsion neurosis. Or per-haps he had left a tap running at home.

The reason given by an East German football team who sought sanctuary *en masse* in West Germany was that "they could stand it no longer" when the name of their club was changed by the Soviet author-ities from Dresden Sports Club to State Tobacco Factory. The Russians could not have been expected to know that Players have a way of going up in smoke.

C C



GRASSHOPPER

FIDDLER, drunk on morning dew,
 crazed musician of one tune
 stam-stam-stammering madly to
 begin again, again,
 all through
 the arid noontide hours of June
 twang your tipsy, pizzicato
 notes—
 they strangely soothe my brain.
 In the mad re-iteration
 of the same-same-same vibration
 there is something strongly lulling,
 dulling, dulling

thought and feeling,
 and your microscopic fiddle
 jabs a hypodermic needle
 in my skull—
 until I hear but
 one sound:
 sedative, pacific,
 magically soporific;
 your insistent, rhythmic, clear, but
 faraway electric drill.
 I have many cares—
 all foolish—
 grasshopper,

and I am mulish
 as yourself
 with your one tune;
 only, my brain is to your brain
 (science says) so complicated
 that no wonder my poor brain
 on this perfect day of June
 is—being, like yours, just out of
 true—
 content,
 plays second fiddle to you—
 drunk, as you are, on morning dew.
 R. C. SCRIVEN

THE CONFESSION

AS I went into the club the other
 day I saw Wothers, one of our
 members, very busy at a writing
 table. Perhaps I should not have
 interrupted him, but I am glad,
 now, that I did, because I got by
 doing so a rather interesting side-
 light on his methodical character.

"Going abroad, aren't you?" I
 had said to him.

For we had heard that he was
 going to the Balkans and to some
 countries to the north or the east of
 them.

"Yes," he said. "I'm busy."

"When are you starting?" I
 asked, not quite taking the hint.

"To-morrow," he said.

"But haven't you filled in all
 your forms and got your visas yet?"
 I asked. For I thought he was rather
 a meticulous man.

"Oh, yes," he said. "But this is
 my confession."

"Your confession?" I said.
 "What for?"

"In case of a train wreck," he
 answered. "They used to have
 them there rather frequently. I
 don't know if they still do; but it's
 best to be ready. One shouldn't
 leave all that sort of thing to the last."

"But what are you going to
 confess?" I asked.

"That I wrecked the train," he
 said.

"But are you going to?" I
 inquired.

"Oh, no," he replied.

"Then why the confession?" I
 asked.

"I see that you have only
 studied Western law," he said. "But
 it is in the east of Europe that I am
 going to travel, and I can't take my
 own law with me. In the law-courts
 of Eastern Europe one confesses.
 And I see no sense in standing for
 eight hours a night with a glaring
 light in my face being questioned,
 when half an hour's careful atten-
 tion now will obviate all that."

"What about the other pas-
 sengers?" I asked.

"I've thought of that," he said.
 "The charge might be conspiracy,
 affecting the whole of them. But
 most likely I might be requested to
 confess, as being the only capitalist
 in the train."

"But are you a capitalist?" I
 inquired.

"I have a little money in the
 Post Office Savings Bank," he
 replied.

"But does that make you a
 capitalist?"

"Not according to you," he said.
 "And not according to me. But
 it's their country, and I can't take
 my definitions to it, or yours. I
 shall simply travel as a capitalist, as
 a blood-sucking bourgeois."

"And what are you writing?"
 I asked.

"I am confessing that I wrecked
 the train," he said, "instigated to
 this vile sabotage by the family of
 Rockefeller and all my fellow-
 capitalists. And, in case they ask
 for more details of the plot, I am
 giving them the names of both
 archbishops."

"And what reason are you

giving," I asked, "for allowing
 yourself to be instigated by these
 people?"

"The beastliness of my mind,"
 he said.

"I should advise you not to pull
 their legs," I warned him.

"Certainly not," he answered.
 "I am being very careful. Those
 words were used in an actual trial.
 It was several years ago; so that I
 hope they will have forgotten them,
 and will take it as the honest and
 original outburst of a repentant
 mind."

"But if you confess, you'll be
 found guilty," I said.

"Of course," said Wothers.
 "But that will happen in any case.
 And I shall escape the interrogation
 and all that goes with it. I hope
 there'll be no accident to the train;
 but if there is, and I survive, I don't
 want to be tortured. My confession
 will be in my pocket, and all they
 will have to do will be to put their
 hands in and pull it out, without
 doing anything unpleasant to me.
 And, of course, with slight modifica-
 tions, it will do for any other crime
 I may be charged with. Is there
 anything you can think of that you
 would advise me to add?"

"Well," I said, "if you're taking
 that line you may as well say that
 you sorrowfully regret and repent of
 having lived as a loathsome capital-
 ist, a verminous bourgeois, sucking
 the blood of the workers, sabotaging
 freedom and festering as a foul sore
 on the fair face of democracy."

"Excellent," said Wothers. "I
 will."

DUSSANY



"Personally, I've never felt the need of a dishwashing machine."

HAVEN'T WE MET BEFORE?

COUNTING sheep is all very well if the sheep are on your side. My sheep never are, so I leave them grazing in the unconscious until the rest of my repertoire is exhausted: going limp by numbers, spelling Russian towns backwards, concentrating on a spot suspended in space—and, of course, the physical contortions: feet exposed, head over the side, feet drawn in, knees to the chin, lying on all four sides, two pillows, no pillows. And so on.

In winter I sleep well. These hot summer nights are the troublesome ones; especially the first, when my sheep have been resting for a few months and have got a little above themselves. This year, for instance, I knew I was in for a difficult time that first summer night, and all during the preliminary exercises I was thinking of my sheep roaming around in the wings, as it were, laughing at me and making silly jokes about my brain-cells and telling each other what they would do when it was their turn to go on. My sheep suffer from anything but stage-fright.

The first five sheep behaved very well, and so did the five-barred gate I had erected—a very good five-barred gate; so good that the sixth stopped short to look at it, his head on one side like an art critic. He looked more like an art critic than one or two art critics do, and I sent him back to remember his place and take another run. This time he came tripping on his back legs carrying a little parasol; I believe he was singing a comic song. Half-way over the gate he stopped, sat down and was a little pink pig out of a postcard from Monte Carlo. As he refused to budge I had to get another gate, while he sailed off on the old one into the other side of my mind.

The second gate was not so good; as the sheep came at it it grew extra bars, until half a dozen sheep were scrambling up the ever-increasing side like monkeys; until they were monkeys.

I sent them away and thought up bigger sheep, and these I enlarged as the gate added bars to itself.

This went on until, just before

everything became too large to fit into my brain, I lost patience and sent a very mad bull thundering across from one ear to the other, knocking gate and sheep into oblivion. Then I had a short rest to think things out.

At the next attempt I sent my best-behaved sheep across without a hitch. They were all carefully chosen; small, woolly, contented creatures, fat as balloons to make them sail better. Some of them did actually become balloons, but it didn't matter. The fence was a very simple affair in teak, and didn't move a splinter as my sheep went over, one by one, like little puffs of cloud. I was becoming nicely drowsy, things were taking care of themselves, the unconscious was taking charge.

And the thirty-fifth sheep refused to jump.

My thirty-fifth sheep *always* refuses to jump. I sent him back to try another run up, and he stopped half-way and looked at me vacantly. I pleaded with him, appealed to his better nature, spoke to him as sheep to sheep; but of course it was no use; he roamed about at will, or just sat in front of the gate, looking at me with his huge, sad eyes. It is, after all, difficult to become annoyed with my thirty-fifth sheep, with those eyes of his. If it is possible for a sheep to be crossed in love—and I can't think why not; even, or especially, in my unconscious—then my thirty-fifth sheep has been. Perhaps one day he'll get over it, or change places with the hundred and thirty-fifth, or wander into someone *else's* mind, and let me get some sleep. I hope so, for both our sakes.

Meanwhile I have thought of a new scheme. I am not going to use *real* sheep. I am going to send across a succession of Ramsgate posters, on little wheels. All should go well; I've not come across any rebellious bill-posters in my unconscious yet.

Only one thing worries me. That is a shrewd suspicion that lurking somewhere among the sheep and things is a small boy, just waiting to draw moustaches on my sheep.

BACK ROOM JOYS

BEING WASTEFUL

HOW elevating is the taste
Of minor though deliberate waste!
To hear, perchance, the dinner-gong
Or, less perchance, the "come ALONG!"
And jettison the fag new-lit
Princely, for twopence-and-a-bit;
To scorn a knot and slash the string
Instead of messing with the thing;
To send—but this is rising higher—
A long and *very* witty wire,
Putting in *ands* and *foes* and *thes*,
In English not Telegraphese;

To pay—most *grand seigneur* of all—
To pay good money for a stall,
Then, merely since you *loathe* the show—
Just that—arise half-way and go,
Spurn your residual interest
In favour of the full-scale *goats*—

Such, for their moment, make you free
Amidst th'encircling £ s. d.,
Masterful, large, uncramped, unbound . . .

The ceiling is about a pound.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



STATELY PLEASURE DOME



*Brighton Pavilion
Cost the nation half a million,
Which was ten times more
Than Brighton bought it for.*

THEY liked little jingling commentaries in Regency times. The one above is more recent (circa 1950) but it sums up the financial aspect. It was a hundred years ago this month that the people of Brighton, after a dramatic battle against a Bill already past its Second Reading, nobly resolved to pay £50,000 to save their Royal Pavilion from the Ministry of Woods and Forests. It was little more than a shell. Intent on salvaging what they could of the Crown's investment, the Ministry's agents had already carried off its delicate furnishings, wrenched down the lacquered doors (the four in the Banqueting Room had cost more than a thousand pounds apiece), shredded the papers from the walls, prized out fireplaces with pickaxes and even splintered the decorated skirtings to recover a few yards of common copper bell-wire. The town's civic conscience arose and

stretched itself in the nick of time: the next move would have been the demolition of the structure itself, domes, minarets, colonnades and all, to provide materials for the extension of Her Majesty's Buckingham Palace.

The Prince's wistful shade, flitting about the scenes of his greatest happiness, must have warmed to his old Brighton admirers when they voted this extra burden on their rates; Pavilion expenditure had usually touched their taxes, so it made a change: but he probably cooled off again later as he peeped down from the Music Room's golden dome at the amateur musical competitions plodding conscientiously beneath him; he must have remembered that he had entertained Rossini there—but conveniently forgot, perhaps, that in the same room a fiddler had been wounded by a pellet from Lady Downshire's airgun . . . The pastimes practised in the Marine Palace were many and diverse.

Visitors to the Pavilion during the present centenary celebrations

may see a new acquisition, the late Rex Whistler's mural allegory of wicked brilliance, "H.R.H. the Prince Regent awakening the Spirit of Brighton." But who, after all, awakened whom? The *Gentleman's Magazine* of February, 1766, reports rather stiffly that Brighthelmstone is already "one of the principal places in the kingdom for the resort of the idle and dissipated." Yet in 1766 the future First Gentleman was a toddler of four. Brighton was to offer its specialized amenities for another seventeen years before, twenty-one at last, he escaped from parental restraint for a few days' stay with his idle and dissipated Uncle Cumberland.

Brighthelmstone was captivated by the Prince's charm, gaiety and good looks. He was captivated in turn; not only by the green lawns and blue sea—though people thought less of the sea in those days, except medicinally, and the fine houses springing up on its edge usually had their backs to it—but also by a modest and engaging widow-lady. When in 1786 he rented for the first

time the house which Samuel Rogers remembered as "a respectable farmhouse" he brought Mrs. Fitzherbert with him, a secret and illegal bride (George III never consented to the marriage). The respectable farmhouse was soon to lose claim to both adjective and noun, and to burgeon, less quickly, into the Royal Pavilion, a vision of alien and peculiar beauty suggesting that Aladdin had rubbed his lamp and demanded a palace, and an obedient djinn had supplied the only sort he knew.

But the Pavilion did not take its now familiar shape at one bound, or even at two or three. A study of its history gives the impression that it always had the builders in (sometimes a hundred and fifty at a time); during its last metamorphosis neighbours complained that for fifteen years their frontages had been piled high with all the unsightly rubble and paraphernalia inseparable from the building trade. The work was continually being pronounced "finished"; the first time was in 1787, when Holland had with magical rapidity extended and transformed it into a small country house of simple, classical lines, and in November of that year it entered into new ownership. The Prince's? No. That of his astute German cook, Louis Weltje. In debt to the top-most fold of his magnificent neckerchief, for twenty years the Prince



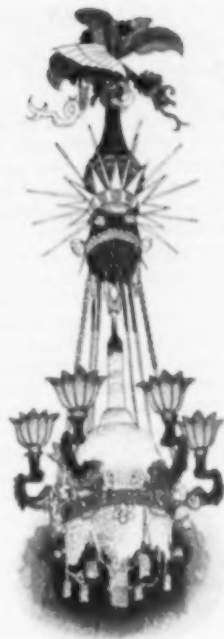
found it more convenient to rent than to buy, and it was only in 1807 that he paid Weltje's widow £17,000 for the place—and settled on her an annuity of £360 for good measure.

By Prinny's standards it was probably a bargain; he had spent £70,000 on the Stables (now known

as the Dome, a concert-hall with seats for two thousand people); the furnishings and decorations of the Music Room were to cost £45,000, and John Nash's final Indian exterior £149,000. But before the wonderful, astonishing toy was at last as he wanted it the Prince had become King, gouty and nearly sixty, and almost at once, such is the fate of toys, he tired of it. After 1824 he hardly went there at all.

No one is going to pretend that Prinny was not a little unbalanced; his strange tales, for instance, of his brilliant fistic triumphs over street ruffians, and, later, of his inspired tactics as commander at Waterloo, were mild manifestations of an unsound heredity, though his mind never failed as his father's did. But there was nothing "peculiar" in his decision to have the Pavilion's interior furnished in the Chinese style; far from being new the fashion had already swept the country; the charm of the romantic Orient had exerted its influence widely when the chance gift of some Chinese wallpaper prompted him to make a small Chinese gallery at Brighton. Afterwards, perhaps, the theme got a little out of hand, though never really out of taste; gradually every room was invaded by gold and silver dragons, porcelain pagodas, lotus flowers of tinted glass, brilliant draperies, windows and lanterns painted with legendary figures of the East, immense and marvellous vases, gilded bells and serpent-wreathed palm-trees.

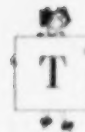
The question is asked, reasonably enough, why Chinese inside and Indian outside? What sort of good taste is that? Well, there was a time when a Chinese exterior was proposed, but the architects felt that it would be unsuitable for a building of the Pavilion's size, being more fitted to slant-roofed, dimsy garden structures and the like; in any case, funds were low, and by the time the money was available the vogue for *chinoiserie* was waning, yielding to the new spell of India. In a small handbook (which has a warm readability that puts most handbooks to shame) the present Director of the Pavilion, Mr. Clifford Musgrave, writes: "In his maturity the



Prince's imagination took a leap that brought to a glorious culmination both the Chinese and the Indian influences, and made his architectural fantasy a climax of the romantic trends of his time. But there were to be no further English experiments in Indian architecture. In the Pavilion it had been accomplished with a dazzling splendour that made another attempt inconceivable. It was and remains unique."

Happily, much of the splendour has been restored. Over the years many treasures have been returned from Windsor and Buckingham Palace, some of the original wall-papers re-hung, the paint and gold-leaf dexterously cleaned to reveal its early richness, and the State Apartments arranged much as they were in their heyday. Brighton may not have touched the half-million mark yet, even in a century's expenditure, but it has poured many thousands after that first courageous fifty; and whatever we may think of its shingle, its traffic and its pier amusement-arcades we must honour it for that. J. B. BOOTHROYD

AT THE PICTURES

Odetta—Dance Hall

TO be enthusiastic about *Odetta* (Director: HERBERT WILCOX) one must believe above all in the importance of subject and be prepared to give almost full marks for good intentions. On these counts the film cannot be criticized: the narrative is a straightforward presentation of immensely heroic fact, and respectful earnestness shines through it. I know that many readers will incline to indignation when they realize that I am less than enthusiastic, as if I were suggesting some disparagement of the heroine—the word in this instance must be taken literally—whose magnificent achievement it celebrates. The fact remains that a picture made in the form of a piece of fiction, even though the characters played by the actors have or had a real existence and in reality did just these things, demands consideration as a work of art; and as a work of art *Odetta* is pretty flat. I agree that it would have been difficult, perhaps impossible, to balance noticeable skill of filmmaking with careful adherence to fact, to avoid striking false notes while still admitting the satiric discord; but the vitiated taste of a filmgoer who has often seen this sort of story done with the insouciance of fiction must prompt him to wish it could have been tried. One is moved here by the story alone, not at all by the way the film tells it—except, to be sure, that one is sometimes irritated, as, for example, by noticing that even here, even in this sort of serious "tribute," inter-Gestapo pomposity is sometimes used for comic relief. Another bit of light relief is one of the film's compensations: PETER USTINOV's off-hand portrait of the radio operator, *Arnand*. ANNA NEAGLE is

believable as *Odetta* herself, except for a tendency to say "*Bon jour*." But my feeling about the whole thing is that though innumerable people will find it deeply moving and impressive, they will have done



Parlour-sharing

Odetta Samson—ANNA NEAGLE

all the work themselves. It is the film's good fortune that the average person will go to it prepared to flog his own emotions, and indeed honoured to be given the opportunity.

Plainly enough *Dance Hall* (Director: CHARLES CRICHTON) is



Excuse-me Waltz

Aleck—BONAR COLLEANO; Eve—NATASHA PARRY; Phil—DONALD HOUSTON

aimed chiefly at the sort of young people that its story is concerned with: the idea is that they will delight in recognizing their own circumstances on the screen. But I am not one of those who would dismiss it with a snarl as mere fodder for "teen-agers"; it tries to be, and I think succeeds in being, considerably more. I am not thinking of such obvious bows to the classics as the cut from a train-whistle to a top note on a trumpet, but of what strikes one as a genuine effort to present a picture of what is commonly called a social phenomenon. Young people whose noisy factory work by day is coloured only by the thought of having an equally noisy time in the local "*Palais*" at night are the principal characters; the story is a very simple one of a girl's difficulties with two young men, one a worthy type (DONALD HOUSTON) who dislikes dancing, the other a flashy lady-killer (BONAR COLLEANO) always ready for a whirl. The girl is an interesting newcomer, NATASHA PARRY. Imagination and observation have been used for everything but the dialogue; there are two good contrasting hands (GERALDO's and TED HEATH's), and a good fight among the puddles in a car-park.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Among the other London shows are two excellent new comedies: the American *Father of the Bride* (from Edward Streeter's book), and the French *Adieu Leonard*. Both these are highly enjoyable.

Releases include *In a Lonely Place* (31/5/50), a gripping and admirably done murder story, and *Deported* (gangster returns to Italian birthplace), which has many good points. And, remember, you will probably enjoy *Chance of a Lifetime* (10/5/50), whatever the exhibitor thinks.

RICHARD

MALLET

LONDON MAN'S DIARY

TANKA, seventeen-year-old Mesopotamian film actress who starred with Timmy Dawn in *Sump, Nomd'un Nem and Field Club Outing*, flew into London to-day with a large hamper of salt. Reason, explained Tanka: "In Dolmisch, where I've just finished *Popocatepetl* . . . yes, I'm afraid so, just another *Stromboli* . . . they told me that salt had been nationalized in your country. I must look an awful fool!"

Tanka is here on holiday ("I just want to relax and see some cricket"), will stay with friends of her first husband's in Hampstead. She has no plans. Contract with U.I.K. ends 1955.

Before leaving the airport Tanka handed her hamper of salt to a hostess: said, "Distribute it, please, among deserving charities."

COVER GIRL

She began her spectacular rise to stardom when Marcel Vint (this page, May 21, 1933) spotted her in *Lualaba*, in which she had a small part as a policewoman. Six months later her pretty freckled face appeared on the cover of the *Cologne Zeitung*. "I guess I've had all the breaks," says Tanka.

TAXI!

Man I know took a taxi from his club to Euston. Normal fare, 1s. 9d. But the cabbie charged only 1s. 8d. Taximan Arthur (PX. 9039) Dewton's explanation: "I'm rather keen on goodwill. Courtesy aids service, y'know. Besides it makes no difference to the half-crown." Dewton is prospective Liberal candidate for Norfield West and listens regularly to the B.B.C.

TRANSATLANTIC

Making her hundred and seventh crossing of the Atlantic is Mrs. Emden Maxwellton, sister of Sir Thomas Bonnibrae, P.R.O., of Sanitary Razors Ltd. She travels by Nieuw Amsterdam to visit relatives in Tashkent, Nebraska. "I mostly live on liners these days," says Mrs. Maxwellton, "because I can't get a building permit." She always

travels with a retired sea-captain; explains, "He invites me to sit at his table."

Her age? "Say I'm in my late summer," she says. Her brother, Sir Thomas, is seventy-three and balding.

GATE-TROUBLE

Many people passing Tontine House to-day were puzzled. They knew the Dean was in Swansea (where he is opening Tin-plate Week), yet the gate was on its hinges. There is a wide belief that the gate of Tontine House is unhinged when the Dean is not in residence. This is wrong. The ancient practice ceased in 1945 on advice from Scotland Yard after five burglaries at the house. Nowadays the Dean takes a duplicate gate with him in a trailer-caravan.

The Dean will be in residence again on Sunday.

TOP-LINER

Nesta Filchknapp, American star of the wrestling show at the London's Kremlin Theatre, is the second highest paid wrestler in the world. Only Fripetta Ackroyd, the Chelsea mauler, earns more. But Miss Filchknapp lives quietly, even austere: stays with a young couple in Stepney and helps with the housework. "I like to curl up with my accounts book," she says. "A female wrestler's life is short and I'm

stacking the chips while the stacking's good."

PAGE-BOY

At twenty-eight Nesta is *petite* with large eyes, shoulder-length page-boy bobbed hair and a waspish waist. Miss Filchknapp rises early, eats heartily and drinks only weak tea laced with rye whisky. Never out of her sight—a suitcase stuffed with travellers' cheques.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

(From *London Man's Diary*, June 21, 1930)

Arrived in London this week is Gerry Walmetto, ranch-owner and pin-table king of Minneapolis. Handsome, black-haired Walmetto is accompanied by his wife, the former Mrs. Jack Tildkraut. "I'm here to rest, no work nor nothin'," said Gerry. "A guy's entitled to a vacation once in a while. What do I wanna see? Well, Shakespeare's birthplace, of course, and some of my relations. I'm gonna look them all up: they live in Liverpool, I think."

Mr. Walmetto has crossed the Atlantic fifty-three times.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

"Seventeen pirates disguised as pirates were frustrated in their attempt to hold up the Kwei Shan en route from Canton to Hong Kong late in 1948."

"China Mail"

No wonder. Too subtle altogether.



MISCELLANEOUS QUERIES

SOMETIMES one wonders how long one can endure the fierce cut and thrust of the local government service, with all its swift, unheralded upheavals of fortune. But a week ago the section was to all appearances secure in its little backwater in the dear old Welfare Department. To-day, by a unanimous decision of the council, acting on a recommendation of the Investigating Sub-committee for Staffing Anomalies, we have been transferred *en bloc* to man the newly set-up Miscellaneous Queries Bureau.

It is all Chopleigh's fault. Even Miss Beamish admits that his breach of discipline was criminal. When it became evident a couple of years ago that our existence had been forgotten in the organizational reshuffle of that time Pinnill gave strict instructions that we were to keep out of sight during the hours of daylight. Apart from the weekly pay parade, or an occasional dash from cover for the tea rations, this wise counsel has prevailed for two hazy years. Shut away in our fifth floor office where even the cleaners never come, lulled by the roar of the traffic from the busy street below, or the occasional rattle of a typewriter from a distant part of the building, surrounded by yellowing agendas, order papers, and *Daily Telegraph* crossword puzzles, we have led an idyllic, dream-like existence; "the world forgetting," as old Gatsby says, "by the world forgot."

Naturally there have been moments of tension. There was, for instance, the occasion when Gatsby himself insisted on popping out for his vile tobacco and was spotted by the chief engineer while on his way back to base. The chief was quite shaken by the incident, as we learned from Millie the canteen girl, who used to spy for us. Millie heard him talking at lunch to the medical officer.

"Had a nasty experience yesterday," he said. "Sort of hallucination. Thought I saw old Gatsby, who used to be with the council. Remember him?"

"Quite well," said the medical

officer. "Married Miss Cantrip from the typewriting branch, after a whirlwind forty-year courtship. Retired about five years ago, I should say."

"At least five," said the chief engineer. "And there he was scampering along the passage. Old Gatsby to the life. Gave me quite a turn. Overwork, I suppose. That sewage disposal job is making tremendous demands on me."

Millie did not say so, but I have no doubt the medical officer infused the maximum incredulity into that wintry smile of his.

But such alarms served only to heighten the charm of our position. Chopleigh's fatal indiscretion was of quite a different order. What causes Miss Beamish particular bitterness, disposing her momentarily in favour of the ever-faithful Oxshott, is the fact that it was for a woman, his old flame Miss Rackstraw of Mental Health, that Chopleigh threw caution to the winds. With no attempt at concealment he arranged to meet her at the very doors of the council chamber. Naturally he was picked up and interrogated. Even then all might have been well if he had kept his head and posed as a ratepayer or, better still, a foreign visitor studying English local government. But once he had confessed that he worked for the council (as he

euphemistically put it) the whole story was bound to come out.

It was the omniscient Millie who popped her head in to tell us that they had got Chopleigh.

"Do you think he'll talk?" said Oxshott with desperate calm.

"I'm afraid he's bound to," said Pinnill gravely. "You know their methods."

Miss Beamish shuddered. Young Lambwool suggested that we should run up barricades and die defending our mountain fastness. The boy has spirit.

A couple of hours later the chairman of the sub-committee knocked at the door. It was the end.

* * * * *

So here we are in our new quarters, and trying hard to adapt ourselves to our reduced circumstances. It is obvious that a tremendous volume of work will be thrust on our shoulders. Pinnill says he would not be surprised if there is a query nearly every day. He has ordered a log-book to be kept, in which all the queries submitted will be recorded, together with the action taken and the name of the officer. It is all very sordid, but, as Pinnill says, if the council hasn't the decency to trust us we must protect our good name by whatever means are open to us.

§ §

DOUBT

DOUBT'S always banging dumbly at my door,

Seeking admittance. And I let him in,
For he knows poverty, if nothing more,

And through his scanty trouser peers his shin;
His collar, too, is torn, and witless wight.

The world, gruff miser, brings him no more bread
Than would sustain upon a winter's night

A starveling sparrow in a draughty shed.

And why is Doubt rejected in such scorn?

His brother Mystery is rich and proud,
His daughter Wisdom shoulder-high in borne

With brave hosannas through the cheering crowd,

While he, old Doubt, on whom all faiths depend,

Knocks at my door; am I his only friend?

R. P. LISTER



"That's fine, now—hold that!"



"I wish you would stop third personing me."

FROM THE RUSSIAN

THE DAWN

LITTLE Brother, why do you sigh!
Do you not see, across the fields,
Beautiful against the sunset,
The Collective Sewage Farm,
And the fine house
They are building for the Com-
missar!
The peasants, too,
With merry songs
Are sowing the wheat
For the cities,
For Stalin, the good and great.
Our Father and Mother,
Who wrote Shakespeare
And invented the camera;
Little Brother, why do you sigh!
Little Brother, why do I sigh!
I wait for the Dawn.
For fifty years
I have waited for the Dawn.
Under the cruel Tears
My father went to Siberia;
But he came back.

Under Stalin, the good and great,
My brother and my brother's son
Have gone to the uranium mines;
But they have not come back.
Thirty years ago
When the cruel Tear was liquidated
I saw the Dawn.
All would be different.
Every year for thirty years
I have said:
"This year, truly,
Is no cause for fireworks
Or festive drinking,
But next year, surely."
But *nothing*, Ivan Ivanovitch,
Is different,
Except that there is less to eat,
The great Stalin
Has invented the submarine,
And I know more people in Siberia
Than I did before.

THE DOVE

"But I am very fond of my dove,
Dear father.
If he goes away from me

My heart will break into many pieces
And fall like the blossom
From the great apple-tree."
"Yes, yes, Natasha,
I know that you love the little one.
Nevertheless,
You must give him to the Com-
missar."
"But what will the Commissar
Do with my dove?
Do not say that they will send him
To the uranium mines.
He is, I am sure,
Politically reliable."
"No, no, dear daughter,
The Commissar will send him
To Comrade Stalin, the Wise, the
Good,
Who wrote the music of Chopin
And invented wireless telegraphy."
"But what will the Comrade
Do with my dove,
Dear Father!"
"When the wind is in the East,
Says the Commissar,
He will let your dove
Fly out of the window."



THE WA

WHY does one travel? One goes
From hotel to hotel,
The last like the first;
And the journey is darkened and cursed
By the weary recurrence of doubt.
Will anyone answer the bell?
Or attend when you shout?
Will the water be hot
Or—not?
Will the night be made sleepless by dogs or by
cocks
Or church clocks,
Or a fiend with the wireless next door?
Will he snore?
Will the room be as dark as the grave
Or as icy as Acheron?
What hopes of a bath? Or a shave?
And so on and so on . . .
Pack and unpack,
Arrive and depart,
Go and come back,
End where you start;
Why does one travel? God knows.





DERER

Why does one travel? Because,
Just once in a way,
At the spiring shape of a hill
Or the swept curve of a bay
The heart will stand stricken and still
And the breath will be ravished away.
Or perchance in the pause
Between noonday and eve
The land will be lit with a light
So sweet and so strange
A man could believe
That sight
For the first time came to his eyes.
Or the moon of all moons will rise
O'er misted lake or battlement mountain range
Or forest of nameless trees;
So great a moon and so bright
That a new thing moves in the skies . . .
Yes, there are moments like these
When Beauty flutters her unpredictable wings
And the whole earth suddenly sings
And all bad fairies die . . .
Why does one travel? That's why.

H. B.



CARE OF THE OLD-2

TWO weeks ago we described some of the things being done for old people still able to remain in their own homes. The question of how to deal with those no longer fit is more complicated. What aggravates it most is the fact that the number of old people in this country is increasing, and disproportionately to the young.

At present there are six and a half million men and women of pensionable age, but it is estimated that in another twenty years the figure will be nine million. Not only will all these have to be supported by the State (or, to be accurate, by those still working) but they will tend to block hospital beds even more seriously than they do already. Anything, therefore, that helps to keep them active for as long as possible is highly desirable, quite apart from being humane; and that is the effective answer to critics who complain that public money is wasted in maintaining on their legs ancients more suitably in bed.

Bed is no longer the doctor's prescription for the old and infirm. The social revolution which has transformed their habits is matched by an equally dramatic change in medical outlook. Whereas the motto of hospitals caring for the aged used to be "Keep 'em in bed and keep 'em quiet!" the modern slogan is "Bed is bad!" The science which is the result of this new point of view is known as geriatrics, a frightful word that would be easier to condemn if one could think of a better. Thirty-five years ago an



Austrian doctor in the States first went to work on it, and now, although still in the pioneer stage, geriatric units are attached to a growing number of British hospitals. To see what they are doing is to be convinced of their importance. The one that Mr. Punch's Artist and I visited is in London and concentrates on research.

We found, taken calmly for granted, recoveries which a Victorian doctor would have been obliged to regard as miraculous. A typical case was an old lady of ninety-two who had been bedridden after pneumonia. She is being taught to walk again, and will go home as soon as her legs are in good enough shape. Another was a man who had been on his back for seventeen years with arthritis and who is also, slowly but steadily, learning to move about. We saw two large wards containing many examples as extraordinary as these. Not all who come in are successful. The specialist in charge told us that, of a hundred, twenty fail to respond to treatment, and forty die within a year, but the remaining forty return to reasonable activity. This is an immense achievement, and as new

methods are proved the proportion should rise. Although other troubles of the aged, such as strokes and weak hearts, cropped up as we went round, arthritis had taken the biggest toll; and here a great deal is being learned in easing pain as well as in restoring flexibility. No case is given up for at least six months, and often improvement only begins to show towards the end of that period. New medicines, and fresh applications of old ones, play their part in the treatment. Physiotherapy, with electric gadgets and ingenious exercisers, helps to loosen seized joints. Occupational therapy (weaving and leather-work mainly) gives back confidence to freed limbs. But it seemed to me that as remarkable was the change of spirit that was being worked in these wards. To meet an old lady who is excitedly re-mastering the technique of walking that she last learned at the time of the Indian Mutiny is a curiously touching experience.

When we asked if patients lost interest and relapsed after discharge we were told they usually come regularly to the hospital clinic, where morale as much as physical condition is watched.



Several beds were empty because their occupants had gone home on short leave. The specialist believed strongly in this, partly to persuade patients they were still normal human beings with a future, and partly to accustom families to the notion of having them back. The latter is something of a new social angle, for before geriatrics came in the family generally assumed, sometimes with relief, that their problem was permanently solved once the hospital took over.

Many old people, however, have no home to go to, and even if relatives are willing the calamitous degree of overcrowding is against them. What happens then? Well, as usual when we are considering almost any aspect of the social services, we find an appalling shortage of suitable accommodation, in spite of the recent efforts of local authorities (it has to be said again and again: lack of housing, both private and institutional, is Public Enemy Number One in this country). And nearly as serious for old people is the unbridged gap in their arrangements left by the latest legislation, which makes the National Health Act responsible for those who are sick and the National Assistance Act responsible for those who are well. Since different authorities are involved, and any old person can easily be well to-day and ill to-morrow, the planners will have to think again.

The answer, said the specialist, lay in hostels, working closely with a geriatric unit and graded to

different degrees of activity. They should avoid a hospital atmosphere, use only a few fully-trained nurses, and in sufficient numbers would make room in hospitals for some of the army of urgent cases clamouring for admission. He called them half-way houses, and later Mr. P.'s A. and I visited one of a ring of six in a northern suburb.

A converted private house, holding fifty-three infirm though not necessarily bedridden old ladies, it was the first voluntary home of its kind to be started, in 1944. Some of the residents contribute to their expenses, but most are maintained by local authorities after the Homes have been set up from various charitable sources. It is brightly decorated, neatly furnished and has a charming garden. Some of the residents can still manage stairs, but the lift is popular and enables the crippled to join their friends in the social rooms on the ground floor, and in the garden. A good deal of quiet, comfortable snoozing naturally goes on (the average age is above eighty), but there is also healthy chatter over reading and needlework. Even upstairs, among those confined to bed, things are gay. One old lady is completely blind, another doomed to sit up for the rest of her life, but both are cheerful as crickets. Visitors come in and out all the time. Friendship between residents and

staff takes the place of discipline, and this home is proud to have no written rules. The same infinite patience is needed here as in the geriatric unit, but again it gets results. The chairman told us she can only accept about one application in twenty. Among many interesting points she made: there are advantages in adapting old houses, one being the homeliness of rooms of different sizes; the amount eaten with benefit by the old is surprising; handicrafts haven't gone down well, but several of the old ladies are miserable unless allowed to help with housework; all the mending is done by residents, at their own request; the summit of their pleasure is a coach-ride to Windsor Castle. . . .

We are likely to get into a greater muddle than ever unless we can clear our heads of the idea that responsibility for the old can safely be left to the Welfare State. At many points it appears barely to touch them, and without the enthusiasm of individual doctors and the public spirit of voluntary workers neither of the two major experiments I have been describing would ever have come into being. And whether one prefers the humane or the practical reasons for taking care of the old, nobody can fail to be impressed by the difference between ending one's life in static boredom and in cheerful activity.

ERIC KEOWN



THE MYSTERY OF GUDGEON'S ACRE

"WELL, good night, Andrew, old chap."

"Moo-car tory."

"Not to-night, Andrew; it's too late."

"Moo-car tory."

"Oh, all right, but it will have to be an abridged version. Let me see. Once upon a time there was a field called Gudgeon's Acre. Three sides of it were straight, but the fourth was all wiggly because it was also the side of an all-wiggly stream called the Grinning."

"Moo-car tory."

"This is the moo-cow story, Andrew. The moo-cows come in any moment now—I think. It's bound to be different in places from last Tuesday. Well, as I was saying, there was this wiggly stream called the Grinning, and on hot summer afternoons the moo-cows used to saunter down to the edge of it for what they jocularly called a slow one. Now one of these moo-cows was called Constance."

"I don't know that I particularly . . ." said Miss C. Parker, a week-end guest, who had entered unobserved.

"Constance was easily the nicest and kindest of all the moo-cows," I said.

"Even so . . ."

"Anyway, that was what the farmer, Mr. Clamcake, called her. It is, after all, a name in fairly general use, and anyway, I'm sorry to keep saying 'anyway,' but anyway, one day Constance, who acted as a sort

of nice kind elder sister to the other cows, including the ones she was the nice kind elder sister of anyway, gathered them all about her and said—what did the moo-cow called Constance say, Andrew?"

"Moo moo," said Andrew and Miss C. Parker together.

"Jolly good. And all the other moo-cows knew at once that what she meant was 'It would be fun to have a go at that grass on the other side of the Grinning.' Of course if she had said one more or one fewer moo it would have meant something quite different, as moo language works on the same principle as the G.P.O. Christmas message system, where all you have to do is to choose a number, say twenty-three, and the recipients automatically receive heartfelt—"

"I hardly think that Andrew . . ." said Miss C. Parker.

"Perhaps you're right. Well, anyway, the cows, I can't be bothered to keep calling them moo-cows, were in full agreement, so they all answered—What did all the other cows answer, Andrew?"

"Moo moo."

"Splendid! though there was one more moo actually making three in all and meaning 'We couldn't agree more.' Four moos mean 'We couldn't care less.' Well then, after that they all walked down to the erm . . . they all walked down to the erm . . . By the way have I said that there was a quaint little cottage on the other side of the Grinning with



wisteria coming in at all the windows? Oh well, there was and, oh gosh! I knew something was wrong. Of course the cows were on the cottage side of the river to start with and Constance was, of course, a nice, kind bunny rabbit."

"I don't know that I altogether . . ." said Miss C. Parker.

"You've got to keep it topical or his interest flags. Now one day, yes, of course that was it, how stupid of me! Constance gathered all the other bunny rabbits round her and said—what did she say, Andrew?"

"Moo moo."

"Well no, not actually. You see, Andrew, this wasn't Constance Cow. This was Constance Bunny Rabbit. Constance ought never to have been a cow. It was a silly mistake. The real cow was called Mrs. J. B. Fortescue; don't you remember?"

"Wouldn't it be advisable to stick to cows now that . . ." said Miss C. Parker.

"No, I should get in a mess when I reached the bit where they all scurried into the wardrobe."

"If it's all the same to you," said Miss C. Parker, "I think I'll go and get a drink."

"Now perhaps we can get on with the story. Now what did the bunny rabbit called Constance say to the other bunny rabbits, Andrew?"

"I got a green puffer."

"Andrew, you know, you must try to follow. Remember what I told you on Tuesday: bunny rabbits talk either by twitching their noses or stamping their feet. What Constance said was 'Twitch stamp twitch,' which the others immediately translated into 'It would be fun to have a go at the grass on the other side of the Grinning.' Then they all watched most carefully what Constance had to say next, because they knew that when older people took the trouble to address them it was always to their advantage to listen. They watched while Constance went on stamping and twitching and twitching and stamping until at last she had said 'I've worked the whole thing out and I've come to the conclusion that if the five biggest of us, that is Mum and Miss Freeman and Aunt Victoria

and Joan Pentelow and myself with Cousin Candida as reserve, crouch down at two-foot intervals across the shallowest part of the Grinning the rest of you could all get across by using us as stepping-stones. Assuming that you cross at an average speed of fifty-seven m.p.h., one every fifth of a second starting at 3 o'clock with half an hour off for tea, the whole colony should have completed the operation by 4.45. The time now is 2.29. Any questions?"

"Well, they all voted this a perfectly splendid idea, so they trooped down to the bank and oh, I should have said earlier that in this cottage over the river there lived a small boy with marked traces of layer cake on his cheek called—whatever do you think was the small boy's name? Oh well, I can't help it if you're not interested, though I think it's rather apity, because the story begins to get really rather gripping at this point. The little boy's name was Andrew, and at the very moment when the first member of the bunny rabbit



"Yes, pretty, isn't it? I tripped over a stone . . ."

colony (Uncle Cyril) was leaping on to the first link of the living chain (Cousin Candida) Andrew and his cat, I won't waste time in the circumstances asking you the name of Andrew's cat, Andrew and his cat, Carnera, were walking hand in hand out of the conservatory door. They were hardly out of it when who should they spy blandly picking her way through the best lettuces but—no, hang on a minute, I forgot to say that it was raining pins and needles and the rabbits were all wearing galoshes except Uncle Cyril who was an awkward size—"

"I think perhaps," said Andrew's mother, who had quietly entered the dim-lit room, "if you wouldn't mind leaving the rest for another time . . . Andrew has had rather a day of it. Say 'Thank you Uncle Cyril for telling me such a lovely story and please come again soon and finish it.'"

Andrew stirred uneasily in his sleep. "Moo moo moo moo," he muttered.

DANIEL PETTIWARD

AT THE PLAY

Much Ado About Nothing (STRATFORD-UPON-AVON)

Carousel (DRURY LANE)



STRATFORD offers a rare treat in Mr. JOHN GIELGUD's production of *Much Ado About Nothing*, basically unchanged since last year but having a new *Beatrice* and *Benedick* in Miss PEGGY ASHCROFT and Mr. GIELGUD. This is Miss ASHCROFT's first appearance at the Memorial Theatre, but it could not be happier. She brings to the part an innate freshness and gaiety, reaching high comedy without effort. And in Mr. GIELGUD, in his best form, she has a fencing partner of her own mettle. Their skirmish loses nothing in ultimate romance for the crisp malice with which it is conducted.

The whole spirit of the production is charming. M. MARIANO ANDREU's sets, which hinge out of one another with the most practical ingenuity, still seem as good as they did last year, and his dresses amusingly fit the piece. Mr. GIELGUD's hats ringing the changes on the theme of blanchange more and more impudently. Moved to the *Don Pedro* position, Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE fathers the evening with deceptive gentleness. Mr. ALAN



Matchmaking

Beatrice—Miss PEGGY ASHCROFT; *Benedick*—Mr. JOHN GIELGUD
Don Pedro—Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE

BADEL makes an admirably incisive villain of *Don John*, and Mr. ANDREW CRUICKSHANK gives *Leonato* a sonorous dignity. Miss BARBARA JEFFORD is a sound *Hero*. Mr. ERIC LANDER a fairly spirited *Claudio*, while for comic value there is Mr. GEORGE ROSE's grotesque and mountainous *Dogberry*, drawn by Tenniel but inspired by Hogarth.

Where "Oklahoma!" was refreshing in its honest sturdiness *Carousel*, taken by the same team from MOLNAR's *Liliom*, welters shamelessly in adolescent sentimentality. Nearly all the sob-clichés of Hollywood are gathered compendiously into this story of a dashing circus barker who is loved and lamented by an exceptionally ingenuous young woman. He is an incorrigible waster, but we are asked to overlook his faults on account of his bulging muscles and flashing smile. On learning, with becoming astonishment, that paternity is on the way he lets fly with a long emotional disquisition on what a lad his son will be, and, tumbling later than we do to the relevant mathematics, does the same for his daughter. Time being a little short the question of the disposition of twins is left over, for these noble thoughts immediately drive him to join in the assassination

of an old gentleman, so that the child shall have a really beautiful education. The old gentleman declining to be assassinated, the young gangster kills himself and, having been mourned on bended knee, goes to Heaven (coyly described as "Up there"), where a receptionist in rimless glasses who happens to be servicing a star gives him short leave to rectify his domestic reputation. Accompanied by a celestial bear-leader he then returns to earth and turns his brave little widow and his bouncing little girl almost luminous with joy.

I found all this too much, but there are compensations: a chorus full of vitality, several rousing songs, some exciting dancing, and two lovely scenes of a circus and a clam-bake picnic. Mr. STEPHEN DOUGLASS plays the barker extremely well, and has a fine voice, and Miss IVA WITHERS and Miss MARGOT MOSER put an edge on innocence that makes one wish they had been better served with wit.

Recommended

In the repertory at Stratford *Measure For Measure* is rewarding. At Princes, Eric Portman gives a dazzling performance in an intelligent play, *His Excellency*. *Touch and Go*, at the Prince of Wales, is good American revue. ERIC KEOWN



Superman

Billy Hopkins—Mr. STEPHEN DOUGLASS

PULL DOWN MORE FLAGS

"I TOLD the laundry to call Friday," Mrs. Morris announced, standing resolutely between me and the door.

The laundry always calls on Friday. I would have asked Mrs. Morris why she had suddenly decided to confirm their appointment, but as it was then Wednesday—the day on which the laundry delivers in Notting Hill and Bayswater—the question was crowded out of my mind by a more interesting one. "How?" I asked.

"I rung them up on the telephone," Mrs. Morris said in the proud tone of one who has just sent a rocket to the moon, "and they said they'd be sure and come, and you're to have all them shirts ready what have got your initials worked on the pocket."

"Did they really say that?"

"No, I said that. They're the most important, see; they're the ones they'll do you for."

I replaced my hat and umbrella on the hall table in alarm. "Who will? The laundry?"

"The Government, of course. It's the same," Mrs. Morris explained, lashing herself into indignation, "as them coloured air-mails. Ted wanted to send one to our Tommy what's out in Malaya with the Guards, and what do you think they said?"

"That he couldn't," I ventured.

"They said it was an embarrassing package," Mrs. Morris burst out. "I'll give them embarrassing package. What about them postcards young Graham Whatsname, our Edna's young man, sent her up from Torquay? They wasn't embarrassing. Oh, no."

"Even if we were going to send my laundry by post," I said soothingly, "I don't think the Post Office would find anything embarrassing about my monogrammed shirts, unless they noticed that the initials in the monogram aren't mine. And then it would be me who would be embarrassed, any way."

"I wasn't saying that," Mrs.



"This is the one I wear if they ask for a second opinion."

Morris said. "I said it was the same thing, like, and the reason is because it's getting back to normal."

"What is it?" I asked, unable to follow her.

"That's what they said for both of them. They said the coloured air-mails was all right during the war, but now we was getting back to normal, and they was embarrassing to the postman. And another thing, you know that coloured tape stuff you stick up parcels with? That's embarrassing, too. Proper easy embarrassed them postmen must be."

"Same with the flags, they was all right before, but now we're getting back to normal, and that makes them into sky-signs and you aren't allowed to have them."

"What flags?" I said humbly.

"Any flags. Except the Union Jack. I suppose that doesn't count because it's nationalized. You must have read about it."

"About the B.B.C. being told to take their flag down?" I hazarded, deciding that my shirts must have dropped out of the conversation.

"That was the first one," Mrs. Morris confirmed. "Ted reads me the bits in the papers. First the

B.B.C.'s got to take their flag down off of Broadcasting House, and now they've started it over at Hackney, and there's some firm got into hot water because they've got a flag up with their name wrote on it, and that makes it a sky-sign."

"I see. So as we're getting back to normal they've got to take it down."

"Did you see it, then?" Mrs. Morris asked.

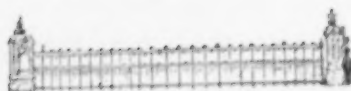
"I just guessed."

"But did you ever hear anything so silly?" Mrs. Morris inquired. "There's old women being knocked down in the street and their bags took off them every minute, and they send the law after you just because you've got a sky-sign up over your house."

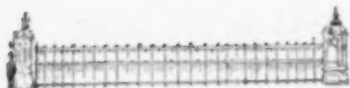
"That's why I said about the shirts, see," she added, relaxing her guard over the door. "When I do them for you I hang them out on that bit of flat roof; and what with having your name written on them—"

"You can't be too careful, can you?" I said.

"Not when things get back to normal you can't," Mrs. Morris agreed. B. A. Youxa



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Tuesday, June 13th

Any student of politics, and certainly anyone with a knowledge of the House of Commons, would have been willing (this being Ascot

House of Lords:
Tribute to Greatness
House of Commons:
Battle over Unity

Week) to lay a small bet that there would be what are called "lively scenes" when the House of Commons reassembled to-day after the Whitsun recess. For the Labour Party's National Executive (with what appeared to be a surprising lack of planning and co-ordination from such a plan-conscious source) had filled the morning's newspapers with a quite fierce repudiation of European unity, assuming that it meant the abrogation of national sovereignty over—among other things—industry. The point was that this forthright statement—and it certainly was forthright—was issued on the very morning when Mr. ATTLEE was due to be cross-examined by Mr. CHURCHILL on the British Government's refusal to take part in the preliminary stages of M. Schuman's plan to integrate the steel and coal industries of France, Western Germany, and as many other countries as cared to take part.

It was perhaps inevitable that Mr. CHURCHILL, as well as other critics of the Government, should regard the two sets of facts as one, and come to the conclusion that the Schuman Plan had not been rejected on its merits but on general grounds of incompatibility of political temperament.

Therefore, when Mr. CHURCHILL strode into the House he looked with hostile eye across the Table at Mr. ATTLEE, who arrived about the same time. Mr. ATTLEE calmly put his feet on the Table and curled his right hand round the back of his head until it touched his left ear—a new and complicated mannerism of his. Thus they sat until Question-time ended, and then Mr. C. asked for a statement about The Plan.

Mr. A. at once rose and rattled

off, at high speed, a statement to the effect that the Government had refused to take part in the preliminary talks only because the French seemed to want "blind" acceptance of important principles, whereas the British Government wanted to know, in advance, just what was involved, just what was expected of those who signed. He was not against the plan as a plan.

This seemed to impress most of the House as reasonable, but there was a long wrangle about the possibility of a debate. Mr. EDEN said bluntly that the Opposition wanted to discuss not merely the Government's action on the Schuman plan

galleries delighted for quite a time, heads jerking from side to side with the rhythmic, rapt precision of the Centre Court at Wimbledon.

Stepping gravely to the Table Mr. C. offered silky sympathy to Mr. A. on his loneliness in finding himself the only Socialist Prime Minister ("outside the Iron Curtain and Scandinavia") in Europe.

Mr. A. replied, in honeyed accents, that he was grateful for condolences from one who had been, during the war, a lone Conservative Prime Minister, working with the Socialist leaders of all the other Allies.

Mr. C., in tones at least as honeyed, pointed out that his previous remarks had been intended to give comfort and solace in loneliness, and Mr. A. replied gently that he prized the expressions all the more as coming from one who, in his time, had experienced loneliness at least as keen. Grinning, both players left it at that, game all.

In the Lords there were shy little tributes to that shy man, Lord WAVELL, who had died during the recess. When he attended the House Lord WAVELL, in spite of (or perhaps because of) his great position, always sat on an inconspicuous bench, and rarely spoke. It was appropriate, therefore, that the tributes to him—by Lord ADDISON, Leader of the House, Lord SWINTON, acting-Leader of the Opposition, and Lord SAMUEL—should have dwelt on his modesty as one of his many gifts to his country.

For the record: Mr. MAC-MANAWAY, who was returned more than three months ago as a Conservative for a Belfast division at the General Election, took his seat and the oath to-day in the Commons. Mr. GEOFFREY BING, learned in the law, had discovered that Mr. MAC-MANAWAY was a clergyman of the Church of Ireland and, as such, he stoutly maintained, ineligible to sit as an M.P. A Select Committee laboured long, and decided that it could not give a ruling



Impressions of Parliamentarians

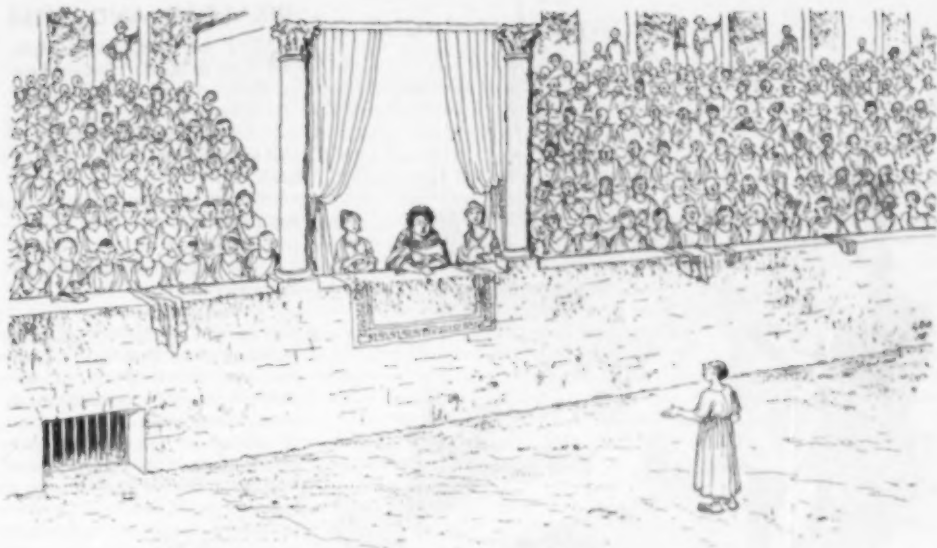
Mr. Whiteley
Labour Chief Whip
(Blaydon)

but the Labour Executive's statement on European unity in general.

This produced the sharp (and surprising) reply from the Prime Minister that Government policy and Government Party policy were not the same thing.

In turn this produced gasps of pleased surprise from the Opposition (scenting that most desirable of all political finds, a split in the enemy's ranks) and gasps of annoyance from behind the Prime Minister, where sat several members of the Party Executive.

Other questions made it clear that in the view of Opposition critics the Government "would not play" with M. Schuman because it might mean co-operating with non-Socialist Governments, and this led to a crisp and witty exchange between the Prime Minister and Mr. CHURCHILL, which kept the public



"The lions want a percentage of the gate."

as to which view was right, the Government would not promise a special Act to clarify the matter, and deadlock appeared to be inevitable. So Mr. MACMANAWAY was "advised" to take his seat and just see what happened, while others talked of Common Informers and enormous financial penalties.

When Mr. MACMANAWAY took the advice, and his seat, to-day Mr. BING promptly announced that, according to ancient form, he would ask leave to move that the matter "be taken into consideration" by the whole House. Mr. Speaker, one eye on the massive pile of law books, said he would consider the matter when the time came—to-morrow.

Wednesday, June 14th

The moment questions were over to-day Mr. Speaker, true to his promise, rose and announced that he had considered the problem of Messrs. BING and MACMANAWAY. But he had come to the conclusion that, since a Select Committee had already gone into the matter, the first bloom of its

right to the priority given to questions of Parliamentary privilege had faded. Therefore it was a matter for arrangement—like some lesser topic—through "the usual channels."

Mr. BING, to whom the news seemed to come as no surprise, thanked Mr. Speaker and sat down. He beamed when Mr. Speaker told him that he had preserved his right to raise the matter later.

Earlier Mr. MAURICE WEBB had given a broad hint that soap might soon be off the ration—but he stressed that he could not be sure, just yet. There was, inevitably, a murmur about "soft soap" and its connection with the Government's propaganda, but nobody followed it up, possibly on the ground that the commodity was not a Government monopoly.

Then Mr. WEBB told the House that Sir LESLIE PLUMMER, on resignation from the chairmanship of the Overseas Food Corporation, had been given £8,000 as compensation. A long roar came from the Conservative benches when Mr. WEBB added that he "just didn't know" whether this was tax-free or

not, and that such matters were for the Inland Revenue authorities.

Mr. QUINTIN HOGG was up in a moment with the bland inquiry: "Is it the principle that if you are paid to go, you do not pay tax, but that if you are paid to stay, you do!"

In other respects the afternoon had some Crazy Gang aspects. Mr. THORNTON-KEMSLEY, for instance, set Mr. WEBB an impossible task by beginning a question: "May I ask the Minister how glad I am . . ." A moment later another Opposition Member spoke of something or other being "visibly audible," and after that almost anything could have been said with what Mrs. Malaprop would have called "impurity."

Then the House passed to the hard facts of the Finance Bill, and was soon immersed in talk of the doubled tax on petrol. Mr. CHARLES HARRIS, whose task it is to see that the Government forces are ever up to scratch, flitted busily in and out, for a division threatened. And when all was said and done (well, nearly all) the division was held, the Government winning by 302 votes to 288.

House of Commons:
Finance Bill (contd.)



"And then there was an awfully good supporting film about husbands who don't take their wives out in the evening."

HONEY DANCE

HAPPY the bee on solitary quest
That lights upon the first sweet-scented clover.
She speeds mercurially to tell the rest
The news of Winter's cruel fasting over.

But happening upon an early lime
She stays her wings to taste that distillation,
And on a leaf steps out a little mime,
A gay *pas seul* of self-congratulation.

And finding apple blossoming or pear,
Almond or quince in flower or brightest cherry,
She makes a platform of the supple air,
Rehearses her routine and makes her merry.

Her ballet thus perfected, she departs
With tell-tale pollen clinging to her vesture,
Back to the swarm, and to the hive imparts
Her finds in happy Terpsichorean gesture.

WEALTHY AND WISE

"SEND me to bed early to-night,"

I say to them. "But send me."

They gaze at me doubtfully.

"You're so difficult."

"I know. Don't listen to me.
Gag and bind me. Knock me on the head."

"What time did you go to bed
last night?"

"Well—"

"All right. We'll send you.
But you won't go . . ."

At half-past ten they begin to
get up and shuffle about in the
maddening way they have. I have
just got settled down. I have
just got my little programme col-
lected round me. I am just going
to glance at the evening paper
before I look at the morning paper,
because I always try to look at
to-day's paper before it becomes
to-morrow, otherwise one feels so
stale, reading yesterday's. And
then I am going to do a few things.

"Come on."

"Come on where?"

"To bed."

"To bed?"

"Yes. Have you never heard
of it? To bed."

"Darling, give me my glasses.
In the red case. My reading
glasses."

"You said we were to send you."

"Yes, I did. I remember I did."

"You felt ghastly this morning."

"Did I? I feel wizard now."

A shadow falls on my paper.
One of them, most amazingly, is
standing behind my chair with a
large group of Staffordshire clasped
in his raised hand.

"What on earth are you doing?"

"You said knock you on the
head."

"You are sweet. You are really.
Mind how you put that down."

"What did we tell you?"

"What did you tell me?"

"Well, good night. Don't leave
all the lights on."

"Of course not. I never do.
Good night."

§ §

"NOBODY ELSE—EVER Jan Tempest
Author of "Never Another Love,"
The Bookeller Supplement

We heard you the first time.

BOOKING OFFICE

Two Very Different Men

ONE of Thackeray's daughters is reported as saying that her father "looked upon himself as a lay preacher even more than as a maker of stories," but it is surely going too far to claim, as Professor J. V. T. Greig does in *Thackeray: A Reconsideration*, that "we might almost say of him that he became a novelist by accident. What he wished to be was a social commentator and a lay preacher." The man who drew Becky Sharp couldn't help being a novelist.

Although Professor Greig's book is not a biography in the ordinary sense but a critical examination of the relation between Thackeray's writing and his life the close focus it brings to bear on his character gives a sharp portrait. Broadly, the theme is the limitation imposed on his development as an artist by the sentimental influence of his mother, the inability to detach himself from his own experience, the squeamishness that turned him sometimes from a caustic satirist to a Victorian aunt and led him so grossly to misjudge Swift and Sterne, and the absence of an ordered philosophy. Thackeray, says Professor Greig, was mentally and emotionally in a muddle, and was so torn between the impulses of a puritan and a creator that he never felt secure. His irony was masterly, but often was not sustained, because his personal sympathies were too readily engaged. He mocked the maudlin excesses of others, only to fall into them himself. Although capable of magnificent characterization and inspired prose his writing was weakened by the inconsistency of his own outlook. For a great artist he wept and was shocked too easily.

All this is largely true, and Professor Greig argues his case fairly and without niggling; but it seems to me a mistake to be surprised that so sociable and sensitive a person as Thackeray should have taken on the colours of his age, against which none was quite proof. And I believe there was a good deal more in Thackeray's claim that he had to hunt big game in society for the sake of material than the Professor, discussing his supposed snobbery, is prepared to concede. Thackeray certainly grew grander with success, as his friends on the Punch Table discovered to their hurt, but he was fascinated by foibles as much as titles: would anyone who was not have made a systematic study of the complaints-book of the Athenaeum! There is some truth in this rather harsh passage: "Dickens with his gusto, and despite much cheap jollity and still cheaper pathos, did more to shake the Victorians' complacency than his saturnine, disjointed rival. Dickens hung together. Thackeray did not." The modern reader, however, has far less interest in their social criticism than in their extraordinary vitality as novelists.

Where Thackeray was rent by doubt Trelawny appears to have been tediously sure of himself; the two men met and, as was to be expected, failed to become friends. There will always be two schools of thought about "the Noble Pirate": that which forgives him

everything for being a romantic figure, and that which cannot stomach his desertion from the British Navy to a privateer under the French flag during the Napoleonic Wars, and his chronic exhibitionism. The man who uncovered Byron's foot after his death to learn the secret of his deformity was simply a cad, however kind he may have been to Mary Shelley, and it is idle for Miss R. Glynn Grylls, in *Trelawny*, to urge the delicacy of feeling which drove him to wear trousers when bathing. For one who clearly likes him she is fairly impartial, but she skates rather quickly over the less attractive aspects of his morbid pursuit of women. At the same time it was a remarkable life, that opened in the eighteenth century and finished in the Savage Club, by way of a guerrilla cave on Parnassus and the Radical drawing-rooms of London. This is a sketchy biography, but enlivened by a wide knowledge of the Shelley-Byron circus.

ERIC KEOWN

Ecologist

In fewer than three hundred pages Mr. J. S. Collis covers mental ground as staggering in scale as the geological time from the earliest moments of which to our destructive age he traces the birth, growth and man-made decline of trees. His ecological argument, in *The Triumph of the Tree*, is that unless we come to



"At last! I was beginning to think something had happened to you."

our senses and attempt to restore the natural balances disturbed by our agricultural and industrial greed we are doomed, and he reinforces this with a lucid exposition, drawn from many specialized fields. The power and beauty of his work owe much to a poetically mystic feeling for those life-giving, life-preserving attributes of trees which made primitive peoples worship, fear and love them. He angrily denounces land-exploitation which has during the past hundred years so depleted entire forests. Nor does he attack such destruction alone. "Then the tiny trees came down. I mean the grasses, for in relation to the soil they might be called little trees, as they also keep it in place, by their root-grips and wind-cushioning stems." The clarity of his language gives a force to his theme befitting its major importance to our hopes of surviving, not as a civilization but as a race.

R. C. S.

Tyrolean Comedy

Except for an endpaper in colour there are no pictures by Ludwig Bemelmans in his new novel *The Snow Mountain*, but readers of it who know his work will find themselves visualizing many: again and again his characteristic blend of bright colour, bold line and artful exaggeration seems to flash through the printed words, giving another dimension to these figures in the village of Aspen in the Tyrol. The story is a collection or telescoping of a number of episodes before and during the war, when the Nazis took over the most pretentious hotel in Aspen as a rest centre for officers; and the dénouement affords the reader the easy satisfaction of seeing the pleasant characters abundantly rewarded and the disagreeable ones emphatically cast down. One reads Bemelmans not as one reads a serious novelist but for the sheer momentary pleasure given by his evocation of atmosphere and mood and his essentially pictorial skill with words. It is very great skill, and the pleasure is considerable.

R. M.



A Late-Victorian Childhood

Lady Cynthia Asquith's *Haply I May Remember* is a somewhat conscientiously unsystematic account of an aristocratic childhood, and is apparently to be followed by other autobiographical volumes. She has a good memory for the psychology of growth and a good eye for eccentric character. On places she is not quite so good; she remembers mainly the happiness or unhappiness of the time she spent in them. As the daughter of a leading hostess, Lady Elcho, the daughter-in-law of a Prime Minister, a successful professional journalist and Barrie's private secretary she has had a good deal of varied experience, and she gets it all down simply and readably. The mess that was made of her education and the obvious waste of her vitality and originality in her early years show that life in Victorian country houses was not always so desirable as Sir Osbert Sitwell has made it seem. Stimulation without guidance can be a terrible strain on the human fabric.

R. G. O. P.

England for the English

The perennial fascination of historical research lies in the re-encountering of perennial human problems under unusual conditions. Divested of contemporary prejudices one has a better chance of perceiving truth. According to the Regius Professor of Modern History, Sir Maurice Powicke, truth is the best safeguard for freedom; and the fourteen essays and addresses he publishes as *Ways of Medieval Life and Thought* are happy in dealing with an epoch when both thought and freedom were expanding. For this reason the biographical essays dealing with Aelred of Rivaux (a delightful figure), Arthur of Brittany (still a mysterious one), and a notable batch of pirates, murderers and wandering scholars are surpassed in interest by adventures in realms technical and abstract. The peak of a memorable book is the Harvard address on "England and Europe in the Thirteenth Century," a practical panegyric on an age when "the sense of Englishry" was "not an anti-clerical, anti-foreign thing," but compatible with an unsurpassed integration with the rest of Christendom.

H. F. K.

Books Reviewed Above

Thackeray: A Reconsideration. Professor J. Y. T. Grier. (Oxford, 12/6)

Trelawny. R. Glynn Grylls. (Constable, 21/-)

The Triumph of the Tree. J. S. Collis. (Cape, 10/6)

The Snow Mountain. Ludwig Bemelmans. (Hamish Hamilton, 10/6)

Haply I May Remember. Lady Cynthia Asquith. (James Barrie, 15/-)

Ways of Medieval Life and Thought: Essays and Addresses by F. M. Powicke. (Oxford Press, 12/6)

Other Recommended Books

The History of Cricket. Eric Parker. (Seeley, Service, 30/-)

Another excellent addition to the Lonsdale Library of Sports, Games and Pastimes; handsomely produced with many fine prints and photographs. Meat and drink for the pavilion gossip.

Answer Yes or No. John Mortimer. (The Bodley Head, 9/-)

Good romance in a divorce court setting. Convincing characterization and a shrewd and sensitive handling of matrimonial triangulation.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

THE menu on the canteen notice-board accepted no limitations in the promises it made. "STEWED KIDNEYS," it proclaimed with pride; then capped it with "CALF'S HEAD WITH PARSLEY SAUCE." The man in the queue seemed appreciative. "Larks' tongues next week," he forecast to the second man.

The second man agreed with him. "Bit different since these new people took over."

The first man philosophized. "Some people are never satisfied. Chap said to me 'I can get more for my money outside,' he said.

"You can if you buy yourself one-and-sixpence worth of bread," I told him."

The second man gave the matter thought, then advanced the opposing point of view for consideration. "You can get a lot of stuff for one-and-sixpence though," he pointed out. He expanded the statement, in explanation of his line of thought. "—raw."

The first man agreed with him sycophantically. "That's true."

"And it doesn't cost 'em all that much to cook it," pursued the second man.

"It doesn't. No."

"So what I say is, for one-and-six they ought to give us a decent meal."

The first man traitorously abandoned his previous loyalties. "They're not treating the kitchen staff the way they ought to either," he accused. "Giving 'em lessons they were the other day, teaching 'em how to wash the floor!"

The second man seemed to be horrified. "No!"

"People who've been doing it all their lives! I said to the secretary, I said 'This is ridiculous nonsense,' I said. 'They've been washing floors for years,' I said.

"He said 'Jack,' he said, 'some of these people have got so slovenly there's no other way you can do the job except to start teaching them over again.'"

He lashed himself into indignation at the memory of the conversation. "'Here,' I said to him, 'hold



"I don't suppose this spot will remain unspoiled for long."

hard. My wife happens to be one of them cleaners. And my wife's as good as anyone in the whole building."

He paused a minute, then qualified the statement. "In that respect at any rate," he added.

The second man admired his spirit. "Did you actually tell him that?" he inquired.

The first man gave him every assurance. "I certainly did," he asserted pugnaciously.

The second man indicated his support. "Fine thing when they

start telling you your own wife's slovenly!"

The first man read the menu out contemptuously. "Stewed kidneys! Calf's head with parsley sauce! Look what it's got underneath 'em though. See!"

The second man intoned "Baked cod."

"What's the betting," the first man inquired, "when we get to the counter they'll shove it on our plates and spin us a yarn about there's not another thing left!"

NO, THANK YOU

O SNOBBISHNESS, most vile disruptive vice!

What wanton disregard for worth you show,

Bidding me spurn this pearl beyond all price

Simply because she says "Ta, ever so." D. P.

FAN MAIL

DEAR MR. CAVENDISH,—I admire your acting and am wondering if you could forward me signed photo.

Yours faithfully,
M. ADAMS (Miss)

DEAR MR. CAVENDISH,—Thank you ever so much for photo. Other members of our school Literary Society were green with envy!! I have been coming to the Hippodrome for two years now. I missed one week owing to falling down at hockey and the inside-left having to walk on my specs, but you only had a small part that week, and the paper said it was improbable but you were adequate. Can I have a photo for my friend, please?

Yours sincerely,
MONICA ADAMS

DEAR MR. CAVENDISH,—Thank you for second photo. You only wrote me ever such a small letter this time. Are you busy? I and my friend like it best when you are opposite Miss Blake, as we all know it will all end up all right in the end with you and her getting married. Last week I and my friend laughed so much when you dressed up in the admiral's hat and tripped over the carpet that the old lady in A 21 (circle) turned round and had a good stare. It was fun!! The old lady in A 21 likes it best when it is a sad play, and I and my friend like it when you are married and have to be in love with another girl and don't know what to do. By the way,

is it your real hair when you have the black hair, or when you have the bald bit on top and the fuzzy edge? I and my friend quarrel about which is a wig. Do settle our argument.

Yours ever,
MONICA ADAMS

DEAR BASIL CAVENDISH,—Thanks for your note. Am glad you are kept so busy these days. We are lucky to have a Repertory company here, as one can keep up with the English Drama, and it will assist us. Of course some girls are always at the cinema instead, they seem to have no desire for Culture. As Shakespeare has so aptly stated, on the stage you hold up a mirror to Nature as 'twere, and that is what I and my friend like. It all seems so human somehow. I spoke to you on Thursday afternoon, at three P.M., outside the public library, I said good afternoon Mr. Cavendish and you said good afternoon. You had a pair of sandals on and a white hat. Do you recall it I wonder?

Yours,
MONICA

DEAR BASIL C.—I pass all your letters round our Form, and all are interested, as it is a link with the Stage. I am enclosing eleven autograph books—mine and my friend's Freda's, Hilary's, Lana's, the Geog. Mistress's, my Aunt Ruth's, Caroline's, my baby sister's, my friend's mother's, and Audrey Barracough's. My aunt would like a small drawing in hers, such as a kitten, or a

caricature of some notorious figure. Freda prefers a comical verse or quotation from Wordsworth. Just your name will do for the others, and Best Wishes. Also if you would let Miss Blake sign them, and the others in the Company it would be very nice. Mother says it will be all right for you to come to tea next Wednesday week. Pater will be out, and you must take us as you find us!! Must close now, as am doing an essay on the Character of Polonius, and Miss Travers has her eye on me.

Yours ever,
M.

DEAR B.C.—I and my friend are downcast to hear you are leaving the Company so suddenly. Jolly good luck to you, and my Aunt Ruth says the drawing of the badger is striking. Am sending back all the autograph-books so that you can give them to the man who is taking your place. Please also arrange for him to forward photos for I and my friend.

Yours ever,
MONICA

P.S.—I and my friend wonder if going on the stage is a good career for ladies, if they do not get their heads turned by glamour. Or would you suggest the films in preference? Do say.

HIKERS

Busy creatures
Admiring natural features.
Accompanied by chaps
Poring over Ordnance maps.



"I hope you realize that you're leaving a trail for him too!"

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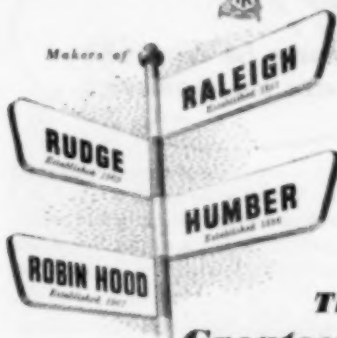


Printed at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as Second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1905. Postage of this issue: U.S. Britain and Ireland 5d.; Canada 15c.; Elsewhere Overseas 2d. SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: United Kingdom 50s. 6d.; U.S.A. 55.00; Canada 54.00; or 55.00.

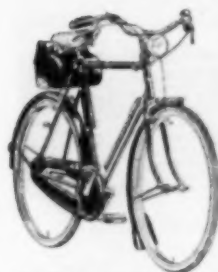
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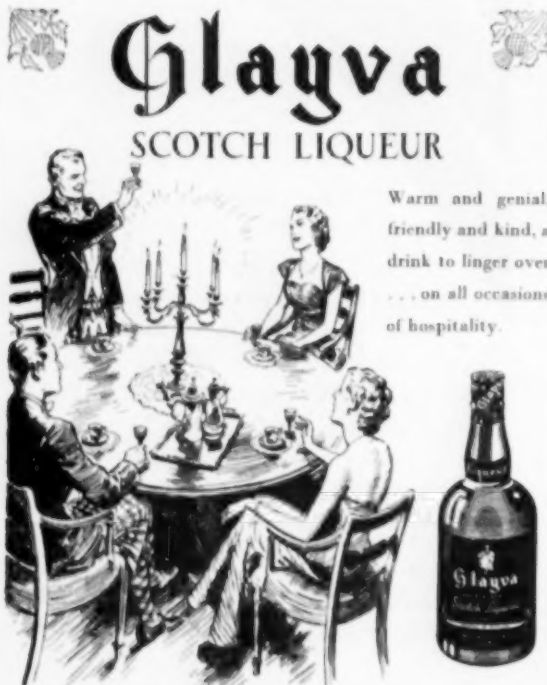
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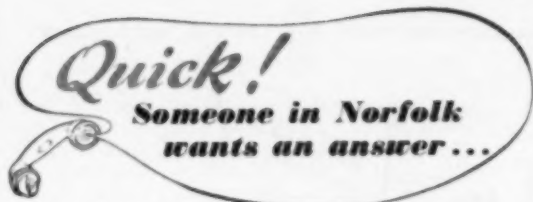
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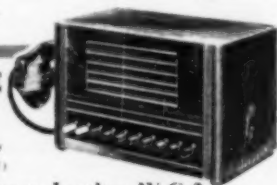
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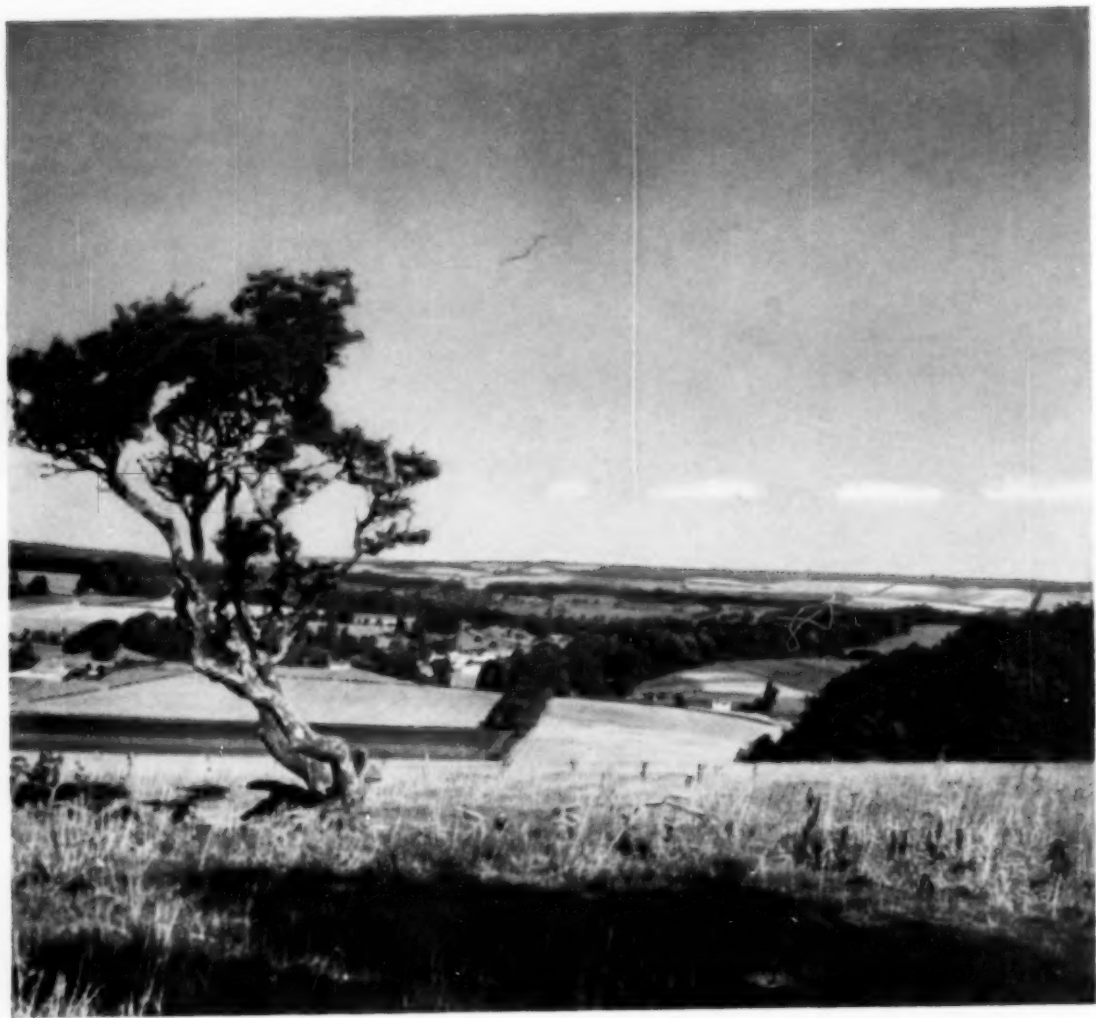
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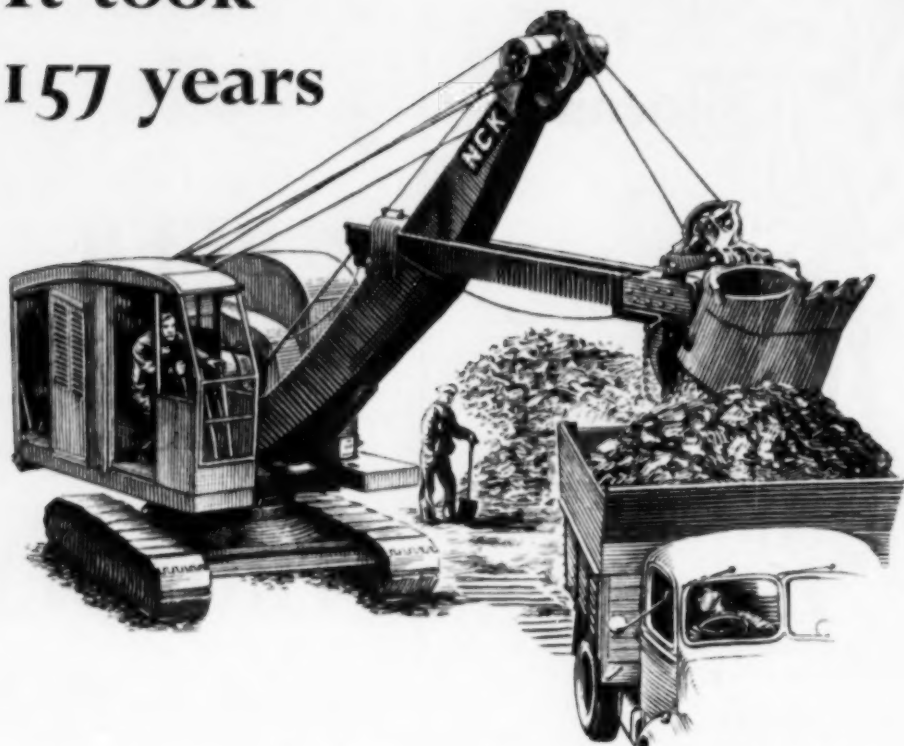
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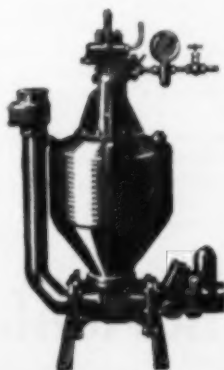
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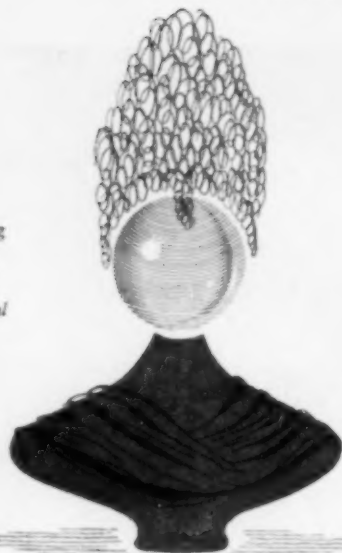
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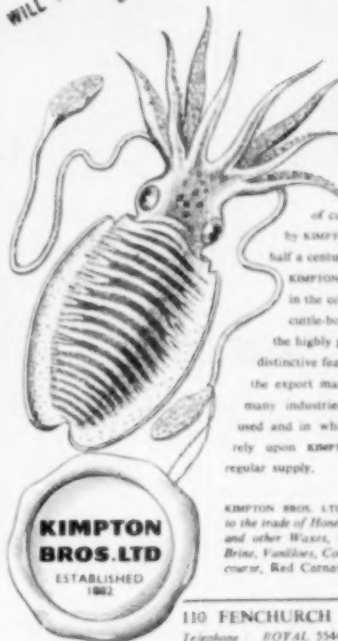
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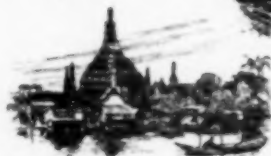
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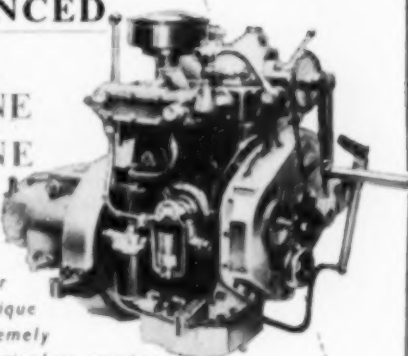
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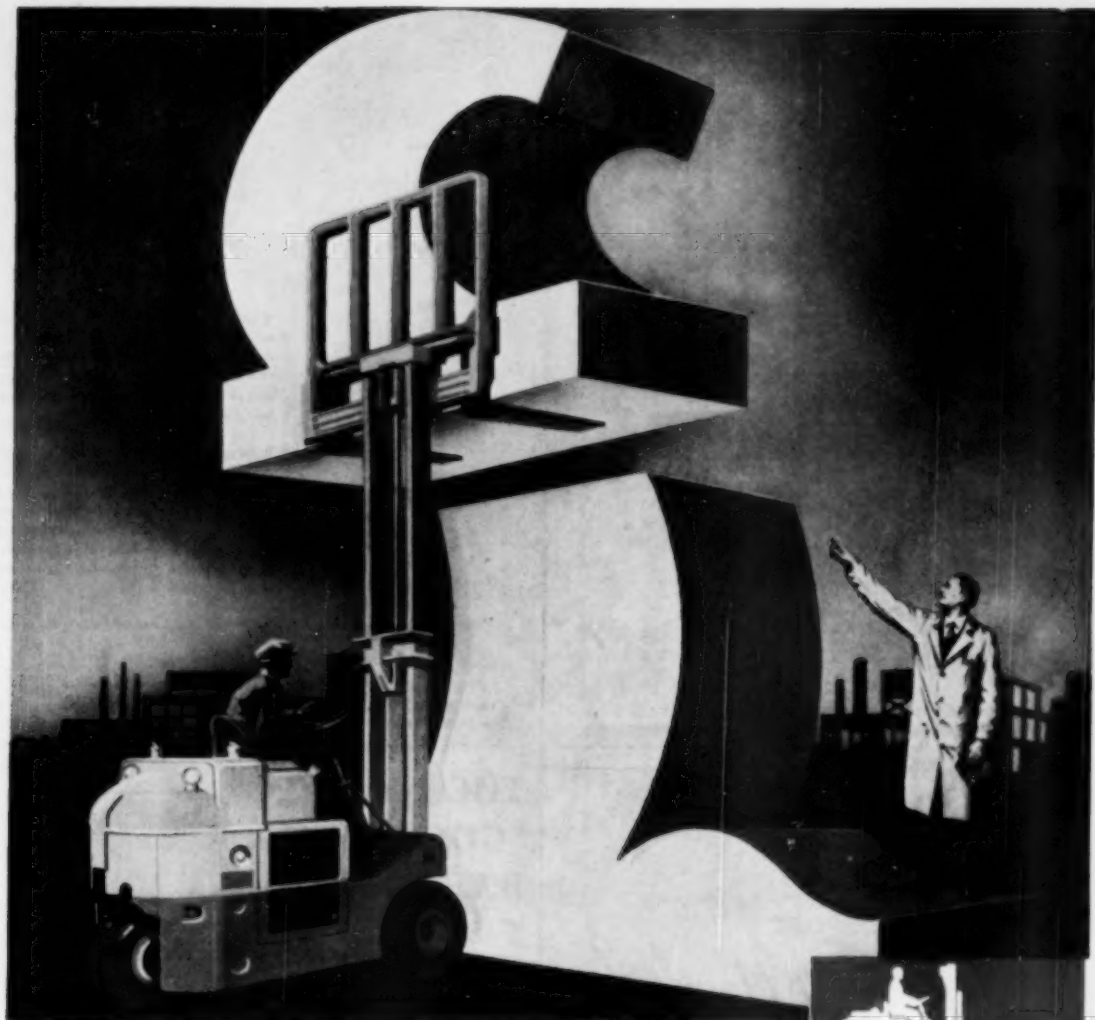
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